

The STOLEN SINGER

by MARTNA BELLINGER

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SYNOPSIS.

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starting for an auto drive in New York, finds a stranger sent as her chauffeur. Leaving the car, she goes into the park to read the will of an old friend of her mother, who has left her property. There she is accosted by a stranger, who follows her to the auto, climbs in and chloroforms her. James Hamilton, of Lynn, Mass., witnesses the abduction of Agatha Redmond. Hamilton sees Agatha forcibly taken aboard a yacht. He secures a tug and when near the yacht drops anchor. Aleck Van Camp, friend of Hamilton, had an appointment with her. Not meeting Hamilton, he makes a call upon friends, Madame and Miss Melanie Reyner. He proposes to the latter and is refused. Melanie explains that she is of high birth in a German principality, from which she had fled to escape an unwelcome marriage. The three arrange a coast trip on Van Camp's yacht, the Sea Gull. Hamilton wakes up on board the Jeanne D'Arc, the yacht on which is Agatha Redmond. His clothes and money belt have been taken from him. He meets a man who introduces himself as Monsieur Chatelet, who is Agatha's abductor. They fight, but are interrupted by the threatened sinking of the vessel. The boat sinks. Jimmy and Agatha are both abandoned by the crew, who take to the boats. Jimmy lives into the sea and reaches Agatha.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

When daylight came, they found they had not traveled far from the scene of the night's disaster; or, if they had, the Jeanne D'Arc had drifted with them. She was still adrift, and just as the sun rose they saw her, apparently not far away, tossing rudderless to the waves. There was no sign of the ship's boats.

At the renewed miracle of light, and at sight of the yacht, Jimmy's hopes were reborn. His spirit bathed in the wonder of the day and was made strong again. The night with its horrors of struggle and its darkness was past, forgotten in the flush of hope that came with the light.

Together they struck out toward the yacht, fresh with new courage. Now that he could see plainly, Jim saw always a little behind Agatha, keeping a watchful eye. She still took the water gallantly, nose and closed mouth just topping the waves, like a spaniel. An occasional side-stroke would bring her face level to the water, with a backward smile for her companion. He gloried in her spirit, even while he feared for her strength.

It was a longer pull to the yacht than they had counted upon, a heavy tax on their powers of endurance. Jim came up to find Agatha floating on her back and put his hand under her shoulders, steadying her easily.

"Now you can really rest," he said. "I've looked toward the horizon so long, I thought I'd look up, way up, for a change," she said cheerfully. "That's where the skylarks go, when they want to sing—straight up into heaven!"

"Doesn't it make you want to sing?"

She showed no surprise at the question.

"Yes, it does, almost. But just as I thought of the skylarks, I remembered something else; something that kept haunting me in the darkness all night—

"Master in song, good-by, good-by. Down to the dim sea-line—"

I thought something or somebody was surely lost down in 'the dim sea-line' last night."

"Who can tell? But I had a better thought than yours: Ulysses, like us, swimming over the 'wine-dark sea'! Do you remember it? 'Then two days and two nights on the relentless waves he drifted; many a time his heart faced death.'"

"That's not a bit better thought than mine; but I like it. And I know what follows too. 'But when the fair-haired dawn brought the third day, then the wind ceased; there came a breathless calm; and close at hand he spied the coast, as he cast a keen glance forward, upborne on a great wave.' That's it, isn't it?"

"I don't know, but I hope it is. The 'wine-dark sea' and the 'rosy-fingered dawn' are all I remember; though I'm glad you know what comes next. It's a good omen. But look at the yacht; she's acting strange!"

As the girl turned to her stroke, their attention was caught and held by the convulsions of the Jeanne D'Arc. There was a grim fascination in the sight.

It was obvious that she was sinking. While they had been resting, her hull had sunk toward the water-line, her graceful bulk and delicate masts showing strange against ocean and sky. Now she suddenly tipped down at her stern; her bow was thrown up out of the water for an instant, only to be drawn down

again, slowly but irresistibly, as if she were pulled by a giant's unseen hand. With a sudden lurch she disappeared entirely, and only widening circles fleetly marked the place of her going.

The two in the water watched with fascinated eyes, filled with awe. When it was all over Agatha turned to her companion with a long-drawn breath. Jim looked as one looks whose last hope has faded.

"I could never have let you go aboard, anyway!" He loved her anew for that speech, but knew not how to meet her eyes.

"Well, Ulysses lost his raft, too!" he managed to say.

"He saw the sunrise, too, just as we have seen it; and he saw a distant island, that seemed a shield laid on the misty sea. Let's look hard now, each time the wave lifts us. Perhaps we also shall see an island."

"We must swim harder; you are chilled through."

"Oh, no," she laughed. "I shivered at the thought of what a fright I must look. I always did hate to get my hair wet."

"You look all right to me."

They were able to laugh, and so kept up heart. They tried to calculate the direction the yacht had taken when she left port, and where the land might lie; and when they had argued about it, they set out to swim a certain way. In their hearts each felt that any calculation was futile, but they pretended to be in earnest. They could not see far, but they created for themselves a goal and worked toward it, which is of itself a happiness.

So they watched and waited, ages long. Hope came to them again presently. James, treading water, thrust up his head and scented the air.

"I smell the salt marsh, which means land!" He sniffed again. "Yes, decidedly!"

A moment later it was there, before their vision—that "shield laid on the misty sea" which was the land. Only it was not like a shield, but a rocky spit of coast land, with fir trees farther back. James made for the nearest point, though his heart shrank to see how far away it was. Fatigue and anxiety were taking their toll of his vigor. Neither one had breath to spare even for exultation that the land was in sight. Little by little Agatha grew more quiet, though not less brave. It took all her strength to fight the water—that mighty element which indifferently supports or engulfs the human atom. If she feared, she made no sign. Bravely she kept her heart, and carefully she saved her strength, swimming slowly, resting often, and wasting no breath in talk.

But more and more frequently her eyes rested wistfully on James, mutely asking him for help. He watched her minute by minute, often begging her to let him help her.

"Oh, no, not yet; I can go on nicely, if I just rest a little. There—thank you."

Once she looked at him with such pain in her eyes that he silently took her hands, placed them on his shoulder and carried her along with his stronger stroke. She was reassured by his strength, and presently she slipped away from him, smiling confidently again as she swam along-side.

"I'm all right now; but I suddenly thought, what if anything should happen to you, and I be left alone! Or what if I should get panicky and clutch you and drag you down, the way people do sometimes!"

"But I shan't leave you alone, and you're not going to do that!"

Agatha smiled, but could only say, "I hope not!"

She forged ahead a little, and presently had another moment of fright on looking round and finding that Jim had disappeared. He had suddenly dived, without giving her warning. He came up a second later, puffing and spitting the bitter brine; but his face was radiant.

"Rocks and seaweed!" he cried. "The land is near. Come; I can swim and take you, too, easily. And now I know certainly just which way to go. Come, come!"

Agatha heard it all, but this time she was unable to utter a word. Jim saw her stiff lips move in an effort to smile or speak, but he heard no voice.

"Keep up, keep up, dear girl!" he cried. "We'll soon be there. Try, try to keep up! Don't lose for an

moment the thought that you are near land, that you are almost there. We are safe, you can go on—only a few moments more!"

Poor Agatha strove as Jim bade her, gallantly, hearing his voice as through a thickening wall; but she had already done her best, and more. She struggled for a few half-conscious moments; then suddenly her arms grew limp, her eyes closed, and her weight came upon Jim as that of a dead person. Then he set his teeth and nerved himself to make the effort of his life.

It is no easy thing to strain forward, swimming the high seas, bearing above the surface a load which on land would make a strong man stagger. One must watch one's burden, to guard against mishap; one must save breath and muscle, and keep an eye for direction, all in a struggle against a hostile element.

The goal still seemed incredibly far, farther than his strength could go. Yet he swam on, fighting against the heart-breaking thought that his companion had perhaps gone "down to the dim sea-line" in very truth. She had been so brave, so strong. She had buoyed up his courage when it had been fainting; she had fought splendidly against the last terrible inertia of exhaustion.

"Courage!" he told himself. "We must make the land!" But it took a stupendous effort. His strokes became unequal, some of them feeble and ineffective; his muscles ached with the strain; now and then a strange whirling and dizziness in his head caused him to wonder dimly whether he were above or below water. He could no longer swim with closed lips, but constantly threw his head back with the gasp that marks the spent runner.

Holding Agatha Redmond in front of him, with her head well above the water and her body partly supported by the life preserver, he swam some times with one hand, sometimes only with his legs. He dared not stop now, lest he be too late in reaching land, wholly unable to regather his force. The dizziness increased, and a sharp pain in his eyeballs recurred again and again. He could no longer see the land; it seemed to him that it was blood, not brine, that spouted from nose and mouth; but still he swam on, holding the woman safe.

He made a gigantic effort to shout, though he could scarcely hear his own voice. Then he fixed his mind solely on his swimming, counting one stroke after another, like a man who is coaxing sleep.

How long he swam thus, he did not know; but after many strokes he was conscious of a sense of happiness that, after all, it wasn't necessary to reach land or to struggle any more. Rest and respite from excruciating effort were to be had for the taking—why had he withstood them so long?

The sea rocked him, the surge filled his ears, his limbs relaxed their tension. Then it was that a strong hand grasped him, and a second later the same hand dealt him a violent blow on the face.

He had to begin the intolerable exertion of swimming again, but he no longer had a burden to hold safe; there was no burden in sight. Half-consciously he felt the earth once more beneath his feet, but he could not stand. He fell face forward into the water again at his first attempt, and again the strong hand pulled him up and half-carried him over some slimy rocks. It was an endless journey before the strong hand would let him sit or lie down, but at last he was allowed to drop.

He vaguely felt the warmth of the sun drying his skin while the sea hummed in his ears; he felt distinctly the sharp pain between his eyes, and a parching thirst. He groped around in a delirious search for water, which he did not find; he pressed his head and limbs against the earth in an exquisite relief from pain; and at last his bruised feet, his aching bones and head constrained him to a lethargy that ended in sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

The Camp on the Beach.

Sunset of the day that had dawned so strangely and wonderfully for those two wayfarers of earth, James and Agatha, fell on a little camp near the spit of coast-land toward which they had struggled. The point lifted itself abruptly into a rocky bank which curved in and out, yielding to the besetting waves. Just here had been formed a little sandy cove partly protected by the beetling cliff. At the top was verdure in abundance. Vines hung down over the face of the wall, coarse grasses and underbrush grew to its very edge, and sharp-pointed fir trees etched themselves against the clear blue of the sky. Below the white sand formed a sickle-shaped beach, bordered by the rocky wall, with its sharp point dipping far out to sea. High up on the sand a small rowboat was beached. There was no path visible up from the shingle, but it was evident that the ascent would be easy enough. Nevertheless, the campers did not attempt it. Instead, they had made a fire of driftwood on the sand out

of reach of the highest tide. Near the fire they had spread fir boughs, and on this fragrant couch James was lying. He was all unconscious, apparently, of the primitive nature of his surroundings, the sweetness of his balsam bed, and the watchful care of his two nurses.

Jim was in a bad way, if one could trust the remarks of his male nurse, who spoke to an invisible companion as he gathered chips and other bits of wood from the beach. He was a young, businesslike fellow with a clean, wholesome face, dressed only in a gauze shirt, trousers, and boots without stockings; this lack, of course, was not immediately apparent. The tide had just turned after the ebb, and he went far down over the wet sand, sometimes climbing over the rocks farther along the shore until he was out of sight of the camp.

Returning from one of these excursions, which had been a bit longer than he intended, he looked anxiously toward the fire before depositing his armful of driftwood. The blaze had died down, but a good bed of coals remained; and upon this the young man expertly built up a new fire. It crackled and buzzed into life, throwing a ruddy glow over the shingle, the rocks behind, and the figure lying on the balsam couch. James' face was waxen in its paleness, save for two fiery spots on his cheeks; and as he lay he stirred constantly in a feverish unrest. His bare feet were nearest the fire; his blue woollen trousers and shirt were only partly visible, being somewhat covered by a man's tweed coat.

The fire lighted up, also, the figure of Agatha Redmond. She was kneeling at the farther end of Jim's couch, laying a white cloth, which had been wet, over his temples. Her long dark hair was hanging just as it had dried, except that it was tied together low in the back with a string of slippery seaweed. Her neck was bare, her feet also; her loose blouse had lost all semblance of a made-to-order garment, but it still covered her; while a petticoat that had once been black satin hung in stiff, salt-dried creases over her waist to a little below her knees. She had the well-set head and good shoulders, with deep chest, which makes any garb becoming; her face was bonny, even now, clouded as it was with anxiety and fatigue. She greeted the young man eagerly on his return.

"If you could only find a little more fresh water, I am sure it would help. The milk was good, only he would take so little. I think I shall have to let you go this evening to hunt for the farm-house."

"Yes, Mademoiselle," the young man replied. He had wanted to go earlier in the day, but the man was too ill and the woman too exhausted to be left alone. He went on speaking slowly, after a pause. "I can find the farm-house, I am sure, only I may take a little time. Following the cattle would have been the quickest way; but I can find the cowpath soon, even as it is. If you wouldn't be uneasy with me gone, Mademoiselle!"

"Oh, no, we shall be all right now, till you can get back!" As she spoke, Agatha's eyes rested questioningly on the youth who, ever since she had revived from her faint of exhaustion, had teased her memory. He had seen them struggling in the sea, and had swum out to her aid, she knew; and after leaving her lying on a slimy, seaweed-covered rock, he had gone out again and brought in her companion in a far worse condition than herself. The young man, also, was a survivor of the Jeanne D'Arc, having come from the disabled craft in the tiny rowboat that was now on the beach. More than this she did not know, yet something jogged her memory every now and then—something that would not shape itself definitely. Indeed, she had been too much engrossed in the serious condition of her companion and the work necessary to make a camp, to spend any thought on unimportant speculations.

But now, as she listened to the youth's respectful tones, it suddenly came back to her. She looked at him with awe-struck eyes.

"Oh, now I know! You are the new chauffeur; 'queer name, Hand!' Yes, I remember—I remember."

"What you say is true, Mademoiselle."

He stood before her, a stubbornly submissive look on his face, as a servant might stand before his betrayed master. It was as if he had been waiting for that moment, waiting for her anger to fall on him. But Agatha was speechless at her growing wonder at the trick fate had played them. Her steady gaze, serious and earnest now, without a hint of the laughter that usually came so easily, dwelt on the young man's eyes for a moment, then she turned away as if she were giving up a puzzling question. She looked at James, whose stony, stubby beard was now quiet against his green pillow, as if seeking a solution there; but she had to fall back, at last, on the youth.

"Do you know who this man is?" she asked irrelevantly.

"No, Mademoiselle. He was picked up in New York harbor, the night

we weighed anchor. I have not seen him since until today."

"The night we weighed anchor? What night was that?"

"Last Monday, Mademoiselle; at about six bells."

"And what day is today?"

"Saturday, Mademoiselle; and past four bells now."

"Monday—Saturday!" Agatha looked abstractedly down on Jimmy asleep, while upon her mind crowded the memories of that week. This man who had dragged her and her rescuer from the water, who had made fire and a bed for them, who had got milk for sustenance, had been almost the last person her conscious eyes had seen in that half-hour of terror on the hillside. Her next memory, after an untold interval, was the rocking of the ship, an old woman who treated her obsequiously, a man who was her servile attendant, and yet her jailer—but then, suddenly, as she knelt there, mind and body refused their service. She crumpled down on the soft sand, burying her head in her arms.

Hand came nearer and bent awkwardly over her, as if to coax her confidence.

"It's all right now, Mademoiselle. Whatever you think of me, you can trust me now."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you now," Agatha moaned in a muffled voice. "Only I'm so puzzled by it all—and so tired!"

"Twas a fearful strain, Mademoiselle. But I can make you a bed here, so you can sleep."

Agatha shook her head. "I can sleep on the sand, just as well."

"I think, Mademoiselle, I'd better be going above and look for help from the village, as soon as I've supplied the fire. I'll leave these few matches, too, in case you need them."

"Yes, you'd better go, Hand; and wait a minute, until I think it out." Agatha sat up and pressed her palm to her forehead, straining to put her mind upon the problem at hand. "Go for a doctor, first, Hand; then, if you can, get some food—bread and meat; and for pity's sake, a cloak or long coat of some kind. The find out where we are, what the nearest town is, and a telegraph station is near. And stay; have you any money?"

"A little, Mademoiselle; between nine and ten dollars."

"That is good; it will serve for a little while. Please send it for me; I will pay you. As soon as we can get to a telegraph station I can get more. Get the things, as I have said; and then arrange, if you can, for a carriage and another man, besides yourself and the doctor, to come down as near this point as possible. You two can carry him"—she looked wistfully at James—"to the carriage, wherever it is able to meet us. But you will need to spend money to get all these things; especially if you get them tonight, as I hope you may."

"I will try, Mademoiselle." The ex-chauffeur stood hesitating, however. At last, "I hate to leave you here alone, with only a sick man, and night coming on," he said.

"You need not be afraid for me," replied Agatha coldly. Her nerves had given way, now that the need for active exertion was past, and were almost at the breaking point. It came back to her again, moreover, how this man and another had made her a prisoner in a motor-car, and at the moment she felt foolish in trusting to him for further help. It came into her mind that he was only seeking an excuse to run away, in fear of being arrested later. A second time she looked up into his eyes with her serious, questioning gaze.

"I don't know why you were in the plot to do as you did—last Monday afternoon," she said slowly; "but whatever it was, it was unworthy of you. You are not by nature a criminal and a stealer of women, I know. And you have been kind and brave today; I shall never forget that. Do you really mean now to stay by me?"

Hand's gaze was no less earnest than her own; and though he flinched at "criminal," his eyes met hers steadily.

"As long as I can help you, Mademoiselle, I will do so."

At his words, spoken with sincerity, Agatha's spirit, tired and overwrought as it was, rose for an instant to its old-time buoyancy. She smiled at him.

"You mean it?" she asked. "Honest true, cross your heart?"

Hand's businesslike features relaxed a little. "Honest true, cross my heart!" he repeated.

"All right," said Agatha, almost cheerfully. "And now you must go, before it gets any darker. Don't go to return in the night, at the risk of losing your way. But come as soon as you can after daylight; and remember, I trust you! Good-by."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Absolutely idiotic.

"There goes a crazy man," said the theatrical "producer."

"I didn't notice that he looked crazy," replied the press agent.

"He wanted to get me interested in the production of a piece that wasn't brought over from Berlin or Vienna."

Under Both Heads.

Senator Lodge, condemning a certain type of self-important politician, said the other day: "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and the majority firmly believe they come under both these heads."

Why New York Woman Is Done with the Famous Name with the Long Name.

"I'm never going to have anything more to do with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," declared a Brooklyn woman, indignantly. "I've had one affair with them. It happened when a cat in our neighborhood gave birth to five kittens and then deserted them. None of us wanted the kittens so, as I have a phone in my house, it was suggested that I make the S. P. C. A. to come and take them away. I telephoned—and such a lot of questions as they asked!"

"They wanted to know my name and the number of my house; the number of kittens in the litter, and their gender and color and breed; the day of their birth and the number of days since their mother went away from them. Of course, these questions were tantalizing, because I couldn't see what difference it made. I thought

all they had to do was to send a man up and take the kittens away. Then they asked me if I was married, and how many children I had; how many neighbors were complaining of the kittens, and if these neighbors were old maids. I thought they were very personal in their questions. But I answered them all. Finally came a question that made me mad. 'What is the name of the cat that deserted these kittens?' was asked."

"I'm sure I don't know," I replied; 'she is no relation of mine, and with that I banded the receiver on the hook. And after all we had to pay a small boy to take these kittens away and drown them.'"

Objected to the Red Tape

When Eloquence Didn't Work.

There is such a thing as being too eager, as witness the following remark:

"Yes," said the statesman, "I defeated myself by my own eloquence once."

"How was that?"

"I was a candidate for the nomination to congress, and I got up and made a speech to the convention, in which I just naturally flung Old Glory, with a capital O and a capital G, to the breeze in so enthusiastic a manner that I took the house by storm. I dilated on the greatness of our country and on the responsibilities of the man who would be called to make its laws. I'll one old fellow from a back country got up and said that I had convinced him that it was too big a job for so young a man as I was to tackle, so he moved that the convention nominate a man of more experience; and, by gee, they did it!"

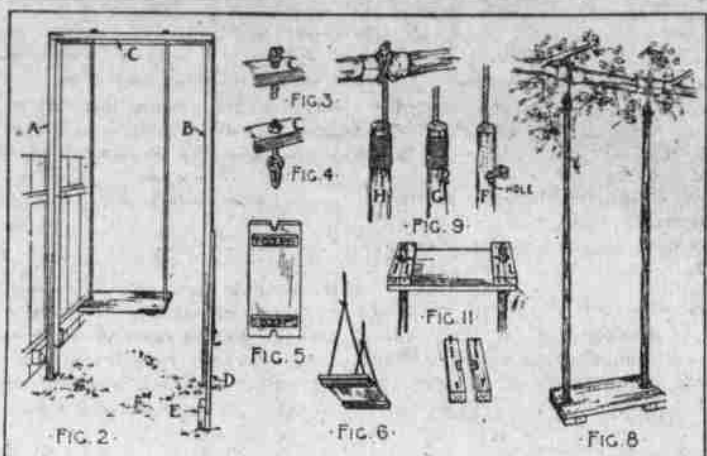
Love Literature.

Write love letters only in winter when there are roaring fires—then hope for the best.

BOYS' HANDICRAFT

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Handicraft for Handy Boys" and "The Boy Craftsman"



BACK-YARD SWINGS.

A large tree with a spreading limb twenty or twenty-five feet above the ground makes the ideal support for a swing, but in case there isn't a tree at hand, it is an easy matter for a boy to put up a substantial framework such as is shown in Fig. 2, from which to suspend it. Such a framework as this should be built alongside of a fence or shed, so one of the side uprights (A, Fig. 2) can be spiked securely to it. Then it is necessary to brace only the opposite upright (B). Two-by-four-inch stuff is heavy enough for the uprights, and of course the longer you can get them the longer the sweep of the swing will be.

Before putting up the uprights, the top plate (C) should be cut and spiked to their ends. The ropes for the swing should also be fastened to the plate, so as to save the necessity of climbing later, when the framework is in place, to do it. It is well enough to simply bore two holes through the plate, of the size of the rope to be used, and then after slipping the ends of the rope through, to knot them as



shown in Fig. 3; but if you can get a couple of ring-bolts, such as shown in Fig. 4, they will make a more ship-shape job; bore the holes for the ring-bolts small enough to make a snug fit. The ropes should be fastened between 24 and 30 inches apart. Manila hemp rope three-fourths inch or one inch in diameter is best, but a doubled hemp clothesline will do if you can get nothing better.

Every boy is familiar with the form of swing seat which is notched at the ends to fit over the rope (Figs. 1, 2 and 5), and this is just as satisfactory a seat as any. It is a good plan to

to which carbon is subjected over vast periods of time in the earth. More than one experimenter has been blown to pieces in a vain attempt to produce these natural forces.

Stutterer Hugs Up Court.

When Hugo Greymuhl was arraigned in the Milwaukee District court, on the charge of having stolen \$6 from a companion in a saloon, the first question, and albeit the only question, propounded to him by the court, was as to his age. For several minutes Hugo was unable to reply. Finally, when the patience of the court was well nigh exhausted, he managed to articulate:

"I-I-I st-st-st-u-u-u-t-t-t-e-r, I-I-I judge, and c-c-c-a-a-n an an-hard-hardly ex-ex-ex-er-ex-er-t-t-t-e-e how old I am, b-b-b-e-b-e-c-c-a-u-s-e I'm g-g-g-r-r-r-owing w-h-w-h-while I t-t-t-a-l-k."

Five minutes later, while the attorneys were arguing, Hugo interrupted their flood of oratory with the remark: "T-t-t-t-w-e-n-t-y-t-t-t-t-t-t-h-r-e, j-j-j-j-judge."

"That's a hard case to have, my boy," replied the court. "I think about six months in the house of correction will do for you."

"B-b-b-but, j-j-j-judge—"

"You can finish that remark when you get out," snapped the court. "Call the next case."—New York Telegram.

Shave in London.

District Attorney Whitman, apropos of the Rosenthal case, compared a bungling detective's method to a London barber.

"You know the London barber?" said the district attorney. "In lathering your face he makes no effort to steer clear of your mouth. He slips on the lather without any idea of keeping your lips clear. You must compress them tight against that white storm, and even then!"

"I once saw an American in a Bond street barber shop dig a pint of solid white lather out of his mouth with a towel. Then he said in a strangled voice:

"'You needn't bother to clean my teeth for me, old man.'"

—St Paul Dispatch.

Artificial Diamonds.

By the newest method of making diamonds, reported from Berlin, the carbon crystals are formed by decomposing ordinary coal gas with metallic amalgams of mercury. The plan has at least the supreme merit of subjecting the maker to no danger. All previous attempts to rival nature as a diamond producer have been based on artificially creating the enormous temperatures and pressures of the breed and descended.

nailed a couple of cleats across the underside of the board, if it is wide or of thin wood, to prevent it from splitting along the center. The easiest way to cut the end notches is by first boring an inch hole at the inner end of each hole and then splitting out the wood with a chisel. The rope for this seat is looped from one fastening to the other, in one piece.

A seat attached in the manner shown in Fig. 6 is easier to sit upon, on account of being supported at four corners. The illustration shows how the holes are bored through the seat and cleats, and how the ropes are slipped through the holes and their ends tied in a "bow-line" knot 18 or 20 inches under the seat.

When the swing framework is raised into position, spike the inner upright (A) to the fence or shed wall which is to be used for support, and brace the outer upright (B) with diagonal pieces of board (D) spiked to it and to cleats (E) driven into the ground.

If you fasten the swing ropes to a tree limb, Fig. 1 and the detail drawing, Fig. 7, show how the ends should be tied with a "clove hitch." Be sure to wrap some heavy cloth, such as burlap, around the tree limb, before passing the rope around it, to protect the bark from injury.

Long, straight poles may be used instead of ropes. If you live near the woods, you can easily get a couple of poles of the right size; if not, perhaps you can get two rug poles, which will serve equally well. Bore a three-fourths-inch or one-inch hole through each pole about eight inches from one end, and, after knotting the end of a piece of three-fourths-inch or one-inch rope four or five feet in length, slip it through the hole and pull the knotted end tight against the pole (F, Fig. 9); then bind the rope to the pole by wrapping with heavy cord, as shown at G (Fig. 9). The free end of the rope should be secured to the tree branch with a "clove hitch" (H, Fig. 9), or to crosspiece C of the framework as shown in Fig. 3. The ends of the board seat are notched to fit around the poles, and the cleats (I, Fig. 10) are notched and nailed, or screwed, to the under side of the swing seat, with the notches fitted around the poles as shown in Fig. 11.

To keep the seat from slipping off the end of the poles, drive a bolt, large spike or metal pin of some kind through a hole bored through each pole directly under the bottom of the cleats (I, Fig. 11).

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MUST HAVE PROPER SLEEP

Mother of School Child Should Insist on This as Matter of Highest Importance.

The mother who has a child at school may not be able to help him with his lessons—for the modern system of teaching rather depreciates home assistance, I believe, but there is one thing she can do for him which will benefit him even more, and that is to see that he gets enough sleep.

It is only lately that physicians have been emphasizing the need of sleep for children. Insufficient sleep affects the nerves, the temper, the digestion, the mental quickness and even the morals of children. The child who gets enough sleep is the one who is bright and quick mentally, who grows normally and well, who eats properly and who is not peevish and irritable.

An early supper and an early bedtime are the things for the school child. Then put him in a well ventilated bedroom and let him have ten or eleven full hours of slumber, and he'll wake up bright and healthy and good, too.

Many of the little whining, nervous children we see are simply suffering from lack of sleep. Many small naughtinesses simply come from tired nerves and weariness of mind and body. So many mothers notice such a difference in the behavior of children once they have started to school and are at a loss to understand the reason. It is because the daily nap which the child took before he went to school has been given up, but the bedtime hour has not been changed. Consequently the nerves of the child suffer.

Try giving the school child supper at half-past five, a nourishing and easily digested supper, too. Then at eight, promptly pack him off to bed. If he doesn't sleep let him sip a cup of hot milk, and sit beside him until he droves off. Sleep is a largely acquired habit and will be easily acquired in a few evenings. And, oh, the difference it will make to the child in every way.—Exchange.

Artificial Diamonds.

By the newest method of making diamonds, reported from Berlin, the carbon crystals are formed by decomposing ordinary coal gas with metallic amalgams of mercury. The plan has at least the supreme merit of subjecting the maker to no danger. All previous attempts to rival nature as a diamond producer have been based on artificially creating the enormous temperatures and pressures of the breed and descended.

Under Both Heads.

Senator Lodge, condemning a certain type of self-important politician, said the other day: "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and the majority firmly believe they come under both these heads."

Why New York Woman Is Done with the Famous Name with the Long Name.

"I'm never going to have anything more to do with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," declared a Brooklyn woman, indignantly. "I've had one affair with them. It happened when a cat in our neighborhood gave birth to five kittens and then deserted them. None of us wanted the kittens so, as I have a phone in my house, it was suggested that I make the S. P. C. A. to come and take them away. I telephoned—and such a lot of questions as they asked!"